LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY

EDITH STEVENS

National Library of Canada
Bibliotheque nationale du Canada

Canada

To Somebody — yours
from
— Somebody" — me.
Xmas. '12.

To "Gertie":—

" Hiawatha"

Longfellow's "Hiawatha".

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY

Nature Thoughts for Nature Lovers

Selected by

EDITH STEVENS

WILLIAM BRIGGS
TORONTO

PS3537
T44
L39
191^
f***

COPYRIGHT. 1910 BY
THE PLATT & PECK COMPANY

1998

PREFACE.

All Nature is pure, beautiful and ennobling; it stimulates the emotions, purifies the mind, affords commune with the Omnipotent Being and gives rise to pure, wholesome and poetic thought. The beauty in Nature, whether it be the symmetry of form, the symphony of color or the harmony of sound has found ample expression in the beauty of literature.

The title of this collection of Nature Thoughts is significant. The very name of lavender carries with it a sense of wholesomeness and the pure fragrance and great beauty of Nature. Rosemary typifies love. In the olden days, no bride went to church without a spray of rosemary in her bridal wreath or bouquet.

Lavender and Rosemary—beauty and love—may they continue to breathe out new lessons of stainless fragrance and steadfast faith, and stir within us noble and uplifting thoughts!

Dedicated to

COLONEL HAYWARD

A GARDEN is earth's hymn of praise to
Heaven,
Sung every season in some changing tune,
Where cords are colours, and where odours
sweet
Are tender symphonies.

—Estmere.

* * *

WHERE the pools are bright and deep,
Where the grey trout lies asleep,
Up the river and over the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the Blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to the track the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadows fall the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the little boys should drive away
Little maidens from their play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play
Through the meadow, among the hay;
Up the water and over the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

—Hogg.

* * *

AND dreaming, some of autumn past,
And some of springs approaching fast,
And some of April buds and showers,
And some of songs in July bowers,
And all of love.

—Shelley.

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

THIS is the moon of roses,
  The lovely and flowerful time;
And, as white roses climb the wall,
  Your dreams about me climb.

This is the moon of roses
  Glad and golden and blue
And, as red roses drink of the sun,
  My dreams they drink of you.

This is the moon of roses
  The cherishing South-West blows,
And life, dear heart, for me and you,
  O, life's a rejoicing rose.

—Henley.

♣ ♣ ♣

SPRING in the garden, the springtime again,
Merrily singing a gladsome refrain
Blackbird on lilac is fluting a tune
All the long, gold, sunny, glad afternoon.
Spring of all seasons the sweetest above—
Spring is the season to live and to love!

—Temple.

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

AT all time and in all ages gardens have been amongst the objects of the greatest interest to mankind, and the gardener's art has contributed to the delight of all men in their time.

—Dickens.

* * *

AWAY, away, from men and towns,
To the wild wood and the downs—
To the silent wilderness
Where the soul need not repress
Its music, lest it should not find
An echo in another's mind,
While the touch of Nature's art
Harmonizes heart to heart.

Radiant Sister of the Day
Awake! Arise! and come away!
To the wild woods and the plains,
To the pools where winter rains
Image all their roof of leaves,
Where the pine its garland weaves
Of sapless green, and ivy dun.

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

Round stems that never kiss the sun,
Where the lawns and pastures be
And the sandhills of the sea,
Where the melting hoar-frost wets
The daisy star that never sets,
And wind-flowers and violets,
Which yet join not scent to hue,
Crown the pale year weak and new;

When the night is left behind
In the deep east, dim and blind,
And the blue noon is over us,
And the multitudinous
Billows murmur at our feet,
Where the earth and ocean meet,
And all things seem only one
In the universal Sun.

—Shelley.

* * *

HOW sweet I roamed from field to field
And tasted all the summer's pride,
Till I the Prince of Love beheld,
Who in the sunny gleams did glide!

He showed me lilies for my hair,
  And blushing roses for my brow;
He led me through his garden fair,
  Where all his golden pleasures grow.

With sweet May-dews my wings are wet,
  And Phœbus fired my vocal rage;
He caught me in his silken net,
  And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing,
  Then laughing, sports and plays with me;
Then stretches out my golden wing,
  And mocks my loss of liberty.

—Blake.

* * *

THE country blooms—a garden. . . . .
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art!
Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their firstborn sway!

—Goldsmith.

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

THAT man is blessed who every day is permitted to behold anything so pure and serene as the western sky at sunset, while revolutions vex the world.

—Thoreau.

❀ ❀ ❀

BEHOLD! the hill tops all aglow
With purple and with amethyst;
While the whole valley deep below
Is filled, and seems to overflow,
With a fast-rising tide of mist.
The evening air grows damp and chill;
Let us go in.

Ah, not so soon.
See yonder fire! It is the moon
Slow rising o'er the eastern hill.
It glimmers on the forest tips,
And through the dewy foliage drips
In little rivulets of light,
And makes the heart in love with night.

—Longfellow.

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

BLACK ants in teams come dark'ning all the
road,
Some call to march and some to lift the load:
They strain, they labour with incessant pains,
Pressed by the cumbrous weight of single
grains,
The flies, struck silent, gaze with wonder down;
The busy burghers reach their earthly town,
There lay the burthens of a wintry store,
And thence unwearied part in search of more.

—Parnell.

* * *

FAIR Daffodils we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attain'd his noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the evensong;
And, having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or anything.
We die,
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew
Ne'er to be found again.

—Herrick.

* * *

PLEASANT summer over
And all the summer flowers
The red fire blazes,
The grey smoke towers.

Sing a song of seasons!
Something bright in all!
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall!

—Stevenson.

FROM some bright cloudlet dropping;
From branch to blossom hopping;
  Then drinking from a small brown stone
  That stood alone
Amid the brook; then singing,
Upspringing
  It soared: my bird had flown.

A glimpse of beauty only
That left the glen more lonely?
  Nay, truly: for its song and flight
  Made earth more bright!
If men were less regretful
And fretful,
  Would life yield less delight?

—Canton.

* * *

FLOW down, cold rivulet, to the sea,
  Thy tribute wave deliver:
No more by thee my steps shall be,
  For ever and for ever.

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea,
A rivulet then a river;
No where by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

But here will sigh thine alder tree,
And here thine aspen shiver;
And here by thee will hum the bee,
For ever and for ever.

A thousand suns will stream on thee,
A thousand moons will quiver:
But not by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

—Tennyson.

* * *

REST is not idleness, and to lie sometimes on the grass under the trees on a summer's day, listening to the murmur of water, or watching the clouds float across the sky, is by no means a waste of time.

—Avebury.

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

HERE'S eglantine,
  Here's ivy—take them, as I used to do,
Thy flowers, and keep them where they shall
    not pine.
  Instruct thine eyes to keep their colours true,
And tell thy soul their roots are left in mine.
    --Browning.

♣ ♣ ♣

READ Nature. Nature is a friend to truth.

♣ ♣ ♣

HOW dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea;
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And memory breathes her vesper sight to thee!
And, as I watch the line of light that plays
Along the smooth wave toward the burning
    west,
I long to tread that golden path of rays,
And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of
    rest.

—Moore.

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

HOW sweet is the shepherd's sweet lot;
From the morn to the evening he strays:
He shall follow his sheep all the day,
And his tongue shall be filléd with praise.

For he hears the lambs' innocent call,
And he hears the ewes' tender reply;
He is watchful while they are at peace
For they know when their shepherd is nigh.

—Blake.

♣ ♣ ♣

FOR the tender beech and the sapling oak,
That grow by the shadowy rill,
You may cut down both at a single stroke,
You may cut down which you will.

But this you may know, that as long as they grow,
Whatever change may be,
You never can teach either oak or beech
To be aught but a greenwood tree.

—Peacock.

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

HOW vainly men themselves amaze
To win the palm the oak, or bays;
And their incessant labours see
Crowned from some single herb or tree
Whose short and narrow verged shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid;
While all the flowers and trees do close,
To weave the garlands of repose!

Fair quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear?
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men.
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow:
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.

—Marveï.

* * *

ALL good abides with him who waiteth wisely; we shall sooner overtake the dawn by remaining here than by hurrying over the

hills of the west. Be assured that every man's success is in proportion to his average ability. The meadow flowers spring and bloom where the waters annually deposit their slime, not where they reach a freshet only. A man is not his hope, nor his despair, nor yet his past deed. We know not yet what we have done, still less what we are doing. Wait till evening, and other parts of our work will shine than we had thought at noon, and we shall discover the real purport of our toil. As when the farmer has reached the end of the furrow and looks back, he can tell best where the pressed earth shines most.

—Thoreau.

* * *

IT is the wisdom and goodness of gardening which makes it such a deep and enduring happiness. It is thankfulness, reverence, and love, which make our gardens dear to us from childhood to old age.

—Hole.

I LOOKED,
And in the likeness of a river, saw
Light flowing, from whose amber-seeming waves
Flashed up effulgence, as they glided on
'Twixt banks on either side painted with Spring
Incredible how fair; and from the tide
There ever and anon, outstarting, flew
Sparkles instinct with life; and in the flowers
Did set them, like to rubies chased in gold.

—Dante.

♣ ♣ ♣

I KNOW a place where the sun is like gold,
And the cherry blooms burst with snow,
And down underneath is the loveliest spot
Where the four-leaf clover grow.

One leaf is for hope and one for faith,
And one is for love you know;
And God put another one in for luck;
If you search you will find where they grow.

But you must have hope, and you must have
faith,
You must love and be strong and so
If you work, if you wait, you will find the
place
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

♣ ♣ ♣

ALL is silent in the garden
Through the golden afternoon,
Only bees about the lilies
Hum a soft and drowsy tune.

—Burnside.

♣ ♣ ♣

DO you not hear it, hear it singing? Hush!
All beauty of the world, of life; a cry
Of passionate longing, love that cannot die,
Blent in a song together. 'Tis the thrush
Singing his lover's evening harmony
As if in one short strain he fain would try
All sweetness, rapture, power of love, to crush.
Do we not know this meaning, you and I?

—Steuart.

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

WHAT wondrous life is this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head;
The luscious clusters of a vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
The nectarine, and curious peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness;—
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas,
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

—Andrew Marvell.

* * *

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove,
Thou messenger of the spring;
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

What time the daisy decks the green,
  Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
  Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant, with thee
  I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
  From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy wandering through the wood
  To pull the primrose gay,
Starts the new voice of spring to hear,
  And imitates the lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom
  Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
  Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird, thy bower is ever green,
  Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
  No winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee;
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the spring.

—Logan.

♣ ♣ ♣

IT is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whispered word;
And gentle winds, and waters near,
Make music to the lonely ear.
Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
And in the sky the stars are met,
And on the wave is deeper blue,
And on the leaf a browner hue,
And in the heaven that clear obscure,
So softly dark, and darkly pure,
Which follows the decline of day,
As twilight melts beneath the moon away.

—Byron.

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

FIRST, April, she with mellow showers
Opens the way for early flowers;
Then after her comes smiling May,
In a more rich and sweet array,
Next enters June, and brings us more
Gems than those two that went before;
Then (lastly) July comes, and she
More wealth brings in than all those three.

—Herrick.

♣ ♣ ♣

FLOWER in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little Flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

—Tennyson.

♣ ♣ ♣

THE meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale.
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise.

—Gray.

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

HOW beautiful this night! the balmiest sigh,
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which love has spread
To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;
Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend
So stainless, that their white and glittering spires
Tinge not the moon's pure beam; yon castled steep,
Whose banner hangeth o'er the time worn tower
So idly, that rapt fancy deemeth it
A metaphor of peace; all form a scene
Where musing solitude might love to lift
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness;
Where Silence undisturbed might watch alone,
So cold, so bright, so still.

—Shelley.

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

IN the garden to and fro,
Fluting low, thrushes go.

In the garden we can spy,
Circling high, swallows fly.

In the garden all a-blow
Row on row roses grow.

In the garden when we meet
Life is sweet and complete.

—Steuart.

* * *

IN my Autumn garden I was fain
To mourn among my scattered roses;
Alas for that last rosebud which uncloses
To Autumn's languid sun and rain
When all the world is on the wane!
Which has not felt the sweet constraint of June
Nor heard the nightingale in tune.

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

Broad faced asters by my garden walk,
You are but coarse compared with roses:
More choice, more dear, that rosebud which uncloses
Faint scented, pinched, upon its stalk,
That least and last which cold winds balk,
A rose it is thought least and last of all,
A rose to me, though at the fall.

—Rossetti.

* * *

IT is not growing like a tree
In bulk doth make Man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere;
A lily of a day,
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night—
It was the plant and flower of light
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

—Jonson.

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

THE culture of flowers is to teach love. Gardens, however small, cannot be gay without flowers, so let those who have give to those who have not—a handy maxim which every one can digest at will.

—Warner.

* * *

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
  Why do ye fall so fast?
  Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here awhile
To blush and gently smile,
  And go at last.

What were ye born to be
  An hour or half's delight,
  And so to bid good-night?
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth,
Merely to show your worth
  And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
  May read, how soon things have
  Their end, though ne'er so brave:
And after they have shown their pride
Like you, awhile they glide
  Into the grave.

—Herrick.

* * *

IN all places, then, and in all seasons,
  Flowers expand their light and soul-like
    wings;
Teaching us by most persuasive reasons,
  How akin they are to human things.

—Longfellow.

* * *

ALL Nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou can'st not see;
All discord, harmony, not understood;
All partial evil, Universal Good;
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, whatever is, is right.

—Pope.

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

BUT when glad summer at the west wind's call
She sends the flocks to woods and pastures free
There 'neath the star of dawn on the cool fields
Let browse thy sheep and goats, while morn is young,
And the fresh dew lies hoary on the grass—
The dew on tender blade to cattle dear.
When the fourth hour of day brings parching thirst,
And in the trees cicala's notes are loud,
Then 'mid the herd at wells and deep clear pools,
Drink the stream running from full open troughs.

—Virgil.

* * *

MINE be a cot beside the hill;
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch
  Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
  And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
  Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
  In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church among the trees,
  Where first our marriage vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze
  And point with taper spire to Heaven.

—Rogers.

❦ ❦ ❦

THE world is too much with us; late and soon,
  Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
  Little we see in Nature that is ours,
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!

—Wordsworth.

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

I HEARD the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls;
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls.

I felt her presence, by each spell of might,
Stoop o'er me from above;
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cold cisterns of the midnight air,
My spirit drank repose:
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there—
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night: from thee I learn to bear
What man has bourne before:
Thou layest thy fingers on the lips of Care
And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this
prayer;
Descend with broad winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice prayed for, the most
fair,
The best beloved Night!

—Longfellow.

* * *

TO find the western path,
Right through the gates of wrath
I urge my way;
Sweet mornings leads one on;
With soft repentent moan
I seek the break of day.

The war of swords and spears,
Melted with dewy tears,
Exhales on high;
The sun is freed from fears,
And with soft grateful tears,
Ascends the sky.

—Blake.

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

TO-NIGHT the winds begin to rise
And roar from yonder dropping day:
The last red leaf is whirl'd away,
The rooks are blown about the skies.

The forest crack'd, the waters curl'd,
The cattle huddled on the lea,
And wildly dash'd on tower and tree
The sun-beam strikes along the world.

And but for fancies, which aver
That all thy motions gently pass
Athwart a plane of molten glass,
I scarce could brook the strain and stir.

That makes the barren branches loud;
And but for fear it is not so,
The wild unrest that lives in woe
Would dote and pore on yonder cloud.

That rises upward always higher,
And onward drags a labouring breast,
And topples round the dreary west,
A looming bastion fringed with fire.

—Tennyson.

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

IF they to whom God gives fair gardens knew
The happy solace which sweet flowers bestow;
Where pain depresses, and where friends are few,
To cheer the heart in weariness and woe.

If they could see the smile which dries the tear,
The new light glistening in the languid eyes,
The thin, white hand which clasps the gift so dear,
With words of welcome and of glad surprise.

—Anon.

❀ ❀ ❀

THE splendours of the summer time are done,
And, though the roses linger for a space
Soon they will fade on paths and garden ways.
The russet leaves lie thickly, and the sun
Wakes late now, and his course is swiftly run.

—Marston.

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

LEAVES are falling, mists are twining, and to
winter sleep inclining
Are the trees upon the plain,
In the hush of stillness ere the snowflakes hide
them,
Friendly Nature, speak to me again!
Thou art echo and reflection of our striving,
Thou art painter of our hopes and of our fears,
Thou art singer of our joys and of our sorrows,
Of our consolation and our groans.

—Jacobi.

* * *

THE hazel blooms, in threads of crimson hue,
Peep through the swelling buds, foretelling
Spring,
Ere yet a white-thorn leaf appears in view,
Or March finds throstles pleased enough to
sing.
To the old touchwood-tree woodpeckers cling
A moment, and their harsh-toned notes renew;
In happier mood, the stock dove claps his
wing:

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

The squirrel sputters up the powdered oak,
With tail cocked o'er his head, and ears
erect,
Startled to hear the woodman's understroke;
And with the courage which his fears collect,
He hisses fierce, half malice and half glee,
Leaping from branch to branch about the tree,
In winter's foliage, moss and lichens, deckt.

—Clare.

* * *

LEAF on the bow, and fly on the wing,
Birds that sing, winds that swing
Roses thickly clustering,
Woodbine—blooms that clamber and cling,
Ferns that fresh in the woodland spring,
Flowers that sweets to the breezes fling,
Babble of streams and drips of wells,
Golden gleams and balmy smells,
Bees a-buz in tremulous bells,
What is the word their gladness tells
What the bliss they bring?

—Armstrong.

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

MY heart shall be thy garden. Come my own,
Into thy garden; thine shall be happy hours
Among my fairest thoughts, my tallest flowers,
From root to crowning petal, thine alone.

Thine is the place from where the seeds are sown
Up to the sky enclosed, with all its showers.
But ah, the birds, the birds! Who shall build bowers
To keep these thine? O friend, the birds have flown.

For as these come and go, and quit our pine
To follow the sweet season, or, new comers,
Sing one song only from our alder trees,
My heart has thoughts, which, though thine eyes hold mine,
Flit to the silent world and other summers,
With wings that dip beyond the silver seas.

—Meynell.

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

NATURE is always willing, and constantly waiting, to fashion things of wondrous beauty. Only make habitable conditions for her children and they will come in troops, unbidden but never unwelcome to those who really love them.

—Heath.

♣ ♣ ♣

THE bee through many a garden roves,
And hums his lay of courtship o'er;
But when he finds the flower he loves,
He settles there and hums no more.

—Moore.

♣ ♣ ♣

NOT less attractive is the woodland scene,
Diversified with trees of every growth,
Alike, yet various. Here the gray smooth trunks
Of ash, or lime, or beech distinctly shine,
Within the twilight of their distant shades;
There, lost behind the rising ground, the wood,

Seems sunk, and shortened to its topmost
boughs.
No tree in all the grove but has its charms,
Though each its hue peculiar; paler some,
And of a wannish gray; the willow such,
And poplar, that with silver lines his leaf,
And ash, far-stretching his umbrageous arm;
Of deeper green the elm; and deeper still,
Lord of the woods, the long surviving oak.
Some glossy leaved, and shining in the sun,
The maple and the beech of oily nuts
Prolific, and the lime at dewy eve
Diffusing odours; not unnoted pass
The sycamore, capricious in attire,
Now green, now tawny, and, ere autumn yet
Have changed the woods, in scarlet honours
bright.
O'er these, but far beyond (a spacious map
Of hill and valley interposed between),
The Ouse, dividing the well watered land,
Now glitters in the sun, and now retires
As bashful, yet impatient to be seen.

—Cowper.

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

NOT wholly in the busy world, nor quite
Beyond it, blooms the garden that I love.
News from the humming city comes to it
In sound of funeral or of marriage bells;
And, sitting muffled in dark leaves you hear
The windy clanging of the minster clock;
Although between it and the garden lies
A league of grass, wash'd by a slow broad stream
That, stirr'd with languid pulses of the oar
Waves all its lilies.

—Tennyson.

* * *

THE grey-ey'd morning smiles on the frowning night,
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
And flecked darkness like the drunkard reels
From forth day's pathway, made by Titan's wheels.

—Shakespeare.

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

PUT forth thy leaf, thou lofty plane,
  Each wind and frost are safely gone;
With zephyr mild and balmy rain
  The summer comes serenely on;
Earth, air, and sun and skies combine
  To promise all that's kind and fair—
But thou, O human heart of mine,
  Be still, contain thyself and bear.

December days were brief and chill,
  The winds of March were wild and drear,
And, nearing and receding still,
  Spring never would, we thought, be here.
The leaves that burst, the suns that shine,
  Had, not the less, their certain date—
But thou, O human heart of mine,
  Be still, refrain thyself and wait.

—Clough.

* * *

ONE morn a lad cried in the street,
"Fresh violets"! and, as in answer sweet,
A bluebird flung, boquet-like, clear and strong,
Athwart the misty window, his first song.

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

I HEARD a thousand blended notes
  While in a grove I sat reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
  Bring sad things to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
  The human soul that through me ran.
And much it grieved my heart to think
  What Man has made of Man.

Through primrose tufts, in that sweet bower,
  The periwinkle trail'd its wreaths;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
  Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopp'd and play'd,
  Their thoughts I cannot measure—
But the least motion which they made
  It seem'd a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan
  To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
  That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What Man has made of Man.

—Wordsworth.

♣ ♣ ♣

SO then believe that every bird that sings,
And every flower that stars the elastic sod,
And every thought the happy summer brings
To the pure spirit is a word of God.

—Coleridge.

♣ ♣ ♣

AT last
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields;
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,
In large effusion, o'er the freshened world;
The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard,
By such as wander through the forest walks,
Beneath the umbrageous multitude of leaves.

—Thomson.

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

THE elm lets fall its leaves before the frost,
The very oak grows shivering and sere,
The trees are barren when the summer's lost:
But one tree keeps its goodness all the year.
Green pine, unchanging as the days go by,
Thou art thyself beneath whatever sky:
My shelter from all winds, my own strong pine,
'Tis spring, 'tis summer, still, while thou art mine.

—Webster.

* * *

OH, to be in England now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England sees some morning unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!
And after April, when May follows
And the white throat builds, and all the swallows!

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

Hark, where my blossomed pear tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush: he sings each song twice over
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And, though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon flower!

—Browning.

* * *

WHO can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?

—Thomson.

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

SWEET golden days, that wait the Summer's death,
Like tender watches o'er a loved one's slumber,
Ye stand between the lost one and the grave,
With consolations that our griefs outnumber:
The song of swallows twittering from the eaves,
Of new-fledged birds that plume their wings for flying,
And forests robed in gold and purple state,
Like some grand king that waits the hour for dying.

We welcomed May, with all her changing skies,
And hailed with joy the queenly month of flowers,
Counting some blessing on each fleeting day,
Telling them on a rosary of hours,
Some idle tears must fall above the past
For all the sweet, dead days, that we remember;
But with the garnered treasures in our grasp,
We drink the golden wine of bright September.

—Mason-Jordan.

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

NIGHT wanes—the vapours round the mountain curl'd
Melt into morn, and light awakes the world.
Man has another day to swell his past,
And lead him near to little, but his last;
But mighty Nature bounds as from her birth,
The sun is in the heavens, and life on earth;
Flowers in the valley, splendour in the beam,
Health on the gale, and freshness in the stream:
Immortal man! behold her glories shine,
And cry, exultingly, "They are thine"!
Gaze on, while yet thy gladdened eye may see,
A morrow comes when they are not for thee.

—Byron.

* * *

OF this fair volume which we World do name
If we the sheets and leaves could turn with care.
Of him who it corrects, and did it frame,
We clear might read the art and wisdom rare:

Find out his power which wildest powers doth tame.
His providence, extending everywhere,
His justice which proud rebels doth not spare,
In every page, no period of the same.

But silly we, like foolish children, rest
Well pleased with colour'd vellum, leaves of gold,
Fair dangling ribbands, leaving what is best,
On the great writer's sense ne'er taking hold.

Or if by chance we stay our minds on aught,
It is some picture on the margin wrought.

—Drummond.

♣ ♣ ♣

NOT a leaf can fall from flower, or shrub, or tree, without nourishing the earth for new growth; not even the tiniest wreath of smoke can rise into the air, without the particles of which it is composed falling again to earth, and helping forward some processes of nature.

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

MY heart is like a singing bird,
  Whose nest is in a watered shute;
My heart is like an apple tree,
  Whose boughs are bent with thickest fruit.
My heart is like a rainbow shell,
  That paddles in a halcyon sea;
My heart is gladder than all these.
  Because my love is come to me.

—Rossetti.

* * *

WHAT did Spring-time whisper?
  O ye rivulets
Waking from your trance so sad,
Pleased to welcome fisher-lad
  With his little nets,
Speed for summer's in the air,
  Prattle for the breeze is warm,
Chatter by the otter's lair
  Bubble past the ivied farm;
Wake the primrose on the banks,
  Bid the violet ope her eyes,
Hurry in a flood of thanks,
  Underneath serener skies!

What a revel's coming soon—
  Fairies trooping o'er the leas,
Making magic by the moon,
  Crowned with wood-anemones!
What a haunted heart the thrush
Nurses in the blackthorn bush
Full of splendid songs to sing,
Cheery welcome of the Spring—
  Spring has come!

—Gale.

♣ ♣ ♣

O NIGHTINGALE! thou surely art
A creature of a fiery heart;—
Those notes of thine—they pierce and pierce
Tumultuous harmony and fierce
Thou sing'st as if the God of wine
Had helped thee to a Valentine;
A song in mockery and despite
Of shades, and dews, and silent night;
And steady bliss, and all the loves
Now sleeping in the peaceful groves.

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

I heard a stock-dove sing or say
His lovely tale, this very day;
His note was buried among the trees,
Yet to be come at by the breeze:
He did not cease; but cooed—and cooed;
And somewhat pensively he wooed:
He sang of love, with quiet blending,
Slow to begin, and never ending:
Of serious faith, and inward glee:
That was the Song—the Song for me.

—Wordsworth.

♣ ♣ ♣

ON hanging cobwebs shone the dew,
And thick the wayside clovers grew,
The feeding bee had much to do,
So fast did honey drops exude;
She sucked and murmured, and was gone,
And lit on other blooms anon,
The while I learned a lesson on
The source and sense of gratitude.

—Ingelow.

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

O NIGHTINGALE! that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still;
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
First heard before the swallowcuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love. O! if Jove's will
Have linked that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now, timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh;
As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why;
Whether the Muse or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

—Milton.

* * *

O STAY, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay,
Nor quit for me the trembling spray,
A hapless lover courts thy lay,
Thy soothing fond complaining.

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

Again, again that tender part,
That I may catch thy melting art;
For surely that wad touch her heart.
  Wha' kills me wi' disdaining.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
And heard thee as the careless wind?
Oh, nocht but love and sorrow joined
  Sic notes o' wae could wauken.

Thou tells o' never ending care;
O' speechless grief, and dark despair:
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair!
  Or my poor heart is broken!

—Burns.

* * *

THERE is a bank (I love it well)
  Where climbs the sorrel of the wood;
Here breathes, how frail! a puce veined bell,
  There snowy droops its crumpled hood.
With knotted roots of tinctured strings
  A tender tapestry it weaves,

Whilst folding back like soft green wings
  The lapets of its cloven leaves.
It is a dainty sight, I ween,
Of hoods, and bells, and fairy green;
But when the dews of evening fall,
They mutely bless the Lord of all,
And, closing wait the daylight's call!
Hard by, o'ershadowed by the forest trees,
Like partial snowshowers, wood anemones
Outstretched in level masses of white shade,
People with magic companions the glade,
As fairy-land borne flying on the breeze
Had lighted round gnarled oaks of centuries,
While Spring repairs her roofless palaces.

—Fox.

♣ ♣ ♣

WITH rakish eye, and plenished crop,
  Oblivious of the farmer's gun,
Upon the naked ash tree top
  The crow sits basking in the sun.

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

An old ungodly rogue, I wot
  For, perched in black against the blue,
His feathers, torn with beak and shot,
  Let woful glints of April through.

The year's new grass, and golden eyed,
  The daisies sparkle underneath,
And chestnut-trees on either side
  Have opened every ruddy sheath.

But doubtful still of frost and snow,
  The ash alone stands stark and bare,
And on its topmost twig the Crow
  Takes the glad morning's sun and air.

—Canton.

* * *

I'VE watched you now a full half-hour
Self poised upon that yellow flower;
And, little butterfly, indeed,
I know not if you sleep or feed.
How motionless!—not frozen seas

More motionless; and then
What joy awaits you, when the breeze
Hath found you out among the trees,
And calls you forth again!

This plot of orchard ground is ours;
My trees they are, my sister's flowers;
Here rest your wings when they are weary,
Here lodge as in a sanctuary!
Come often to us, fear no wrong;
Sit near us on the bough!
We'll talk of sunshine and of song:
And summer days, when we were young;
Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now.

—Wordsworth.

* * *

TO sit on rocks to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er, or rarely been:

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
Converse with nature's charms, and see her stores unrolled.

—Byron.

* * *

WHERE rose the mountains, there to him were friends;
Where roll'd the ocean, thereon was his home;
Where a blue sky, and glowing clime, extends,
He had the passion and the power to roam;
The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam,
Were unto him companionship; they spake
A mutual language, clearer than the tome
Of his land's tongue, which he would oft forsake
For Nature's pages glass'd by sunbeams on the lake.

—Byron.

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

WHEN April sets her seal upon
  The Year, and 'twixt the showers
The truant sun returns at last
  To bless the budding flowers.

When skies are dappled, softest blue,
  Reflects of softest grey,
And those who love the greening wood
  May tread the woodland way.

When earth seems new, fresh from the hand
  Of God, and strangely bright;
And winds no longer pinch or chill,
  But stir us with delight.

When mating birds begin their lay,
  And make the season's plans;
When all are winged architects
  Instead of artisans;

Then let us stray together where,
  Shut out from worldly din,
We may surprise the secrets hid,
  The mother's heart within.

Dear Nature wooes us to her breast,
Would have us babes again,
And I, for one, am ready, friend—
'Tis milk to nourish men.

—Lord.

* * *

WHAT is it makes it so hard sometimes to determine whither we will walk? I believe that there is a subtle magnetism in nature which, if we unconsciously yield to it will direct us aright. It is not indifferent to us which way we walk. There is a right way: but we are very liable from heedlessness and stupidity to take the wrong one. We would fain take that walk, never yet taken by us through this actual world, which is perfectly symbolical of the path we love to travel in the interior and ideal world; and, sometimes, no doubt, we find it difficult to choose our direction, because it does not yet exist distinctly in our idea.

—Thoreau.

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

FAIR is the rose, yet fades with heat and cold;
Sweet are the violets, yet soon grow old:
The lily's white, yet in one day 'tis done;
White is the snow, yet melts against the sun:
So white, so sweet was my fair mistress' face,
Yet altered quite in one short hour's space:
So short-lived beauty a vain gloss doth borrow,
Breathing delight to-day, but none to-morrow.

—Anon.

* * *

THE sun upon the lake is low,
The wild birds hush their song,
The hills have evening's deepest glow,
Yet Leonard tarries long.
Now all whom varied toil and care
From home and love divide,
In the calm sunset may repair
Each to the loved one's side.

The noble dame on turret high,
Who waits her gallant knight,
Looks to the western beam to spy
The flash of armour bright.

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

The village maid, with hand on brow
  The level ray to shade,
Upon the footpath watches now
  For Colin's darkening plaid.

Now to their mates the wild swans row,
  By day they swam apart,
And to the thicket wanders slow
  The hind beside the hart.
The wood-lark at his partner's side
  Twitters his closing song—
All meet whom day and care divide,
  But Leonard tarries long.

—Scott.

* * *

UP with me. Up with me, into the clouds
  For thy song, Lark, is strong.
Up with me. Up with me, into the clouds
  Singing, singing.
With all the heavens about thee ringing.
Lift me, guide me till I find
That spot that seems so to thy mind.

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

I have walked through wildernesses dreary,
And to-day my heart is weary;
Had I now the wings of a fairy,
  Up to thee would I fly.
There is madness about thee, and joy divine
In that song of thine;
  Up with me, up with me, high and high,
  To thy banqueting-place in the sky.

Joyous as morning,
Thou art laughing and scorning.
  Thou hast a nest, for thy love and thy rest:
And, though little troubled with sloth,
Drunken Lark, thou wouldst be loth
  To be such a traveller as I.

Happy, happy liver!
With a soul as strong as a mountain river,
Pouring out praise to th' Almighty Giver,
  Joy and jollity be with us both.
Hearing thee, or else some other,
As merry a brother,
I on earth will go plodding on,
By myself, cheerfully, till the day is done.

—Wordsworth.

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

THOU perceivest the Flowers put forth their
precious Odours,
And none can tell how from so small a centre
comes such sweet,
Forgetting that within that Centre Eternity ex-
pands
Its ever-during doors, that Og and Anak
fiercely guard.
First, ere the morning breaks, joy opens in
the flower bosoms,
Joy even to tears, which the Sun rising dries:
first the Wild Thyme
And Meadow-Sweet, downy and soft, waving
among the reeds,
Light springing in the air, lead the sweet
Dance; they wake
The Honeysuckle sleeping on the Oak, the
flaunting beauty
Revels along upon the wind; the Whitethorn
lovely May
Opens her many lovely eyes; listening, the Rose
still sleeps.
None dare to wake her. Soon she bursts her
crimson-curtained bed.

And comes forth in the majesty of beauty; every Flower—
The Pink, the Jessamine, the Wallflower, the Carnation,
The Jonquil, the mild Lily opes her heavens; and every Tree:
And Flower and Herb soon fill the air with an innumerable Dance,
Yet all in order sweet and lovely.

—Blake.

* * *

YE stars! Which are the poetry of heaven,
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires,—'tis to be forgiven,
That in our inspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you: for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star.

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep—
All heaven and earth are still. From the high host
Of stars, to the lull'd lake and mountain coast,
All is concenter'd in a life, intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creator and defense.

—Byron.

* * *

THE cheerfulness of heart which springs up in us from the survey of Nature's work, is an admirable preparation for gratitude. The mind has gone a great way towards praise and thanksgiving that is filled with such a secret gladness: a grateful reflection on the Supreme

Cause who produces it, sanctifies the soul, and gives it its proper value. Such an habitual disposition of mind consecrates every field and wood, turns an ordinary walk into a morning or evening sacrifice, and will improve those transient gleams of joy which naturally brighten up and refresh the soul on such occasions, into an inviolable and perpetual state of bliss and happiness.

—Addison.

* * *

WHERE are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
While barréd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn,
Among the river sallows, bourne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

Hedge crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden croft;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

—Keats.

♣ ♣ ♣

SUMMER is gone on swallows' wings,
And Earth has buried all her flowers:
No more the lark, or linnet sings,
But Silence sits in faded bowers.
There is a shadow on the plain
Of Winter ere he comes again,—
There is in the woods a solemn sound
Of hollow warnings whispered round,
As Echo in her deep recess
For once had turned a prophetess
Shuddering autumn stops to list,
And breathes his fear in sudden sighs,
With clouded face, and hazel eyes
That quench themselves and hide in mist.

—Hood.

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

OPEN the window, and let the air
Freshly blow upon face and hair,
And fill the room, as it fills the night,
With the breath of the rain's sweet might.
Hark! the burthen, swift and prone!
And how the odorous limes are blown!
Stormy Love's abroad, and keeps
Hopeful coil for gentle sleeps.

Not a blink shall burn to-night
In my chamber, of sordid light;
Nought will I have, not a window-pane,
'Twixt me and the air and the great good rain,
Which ever shall sing me sharp lullabies;
And God's own darkness shall close mine eyes;
And I will sleep, with all things blest,
In the pure earth shadow of natural rest.

—Hunt.

* * *

THE poetry of earth is never dead:
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,

That is the Grasshopper's—he takes the lead
In summer luxury,—he has never done
With his delights; for when tired out with fun
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.

The poetry of earth is ceasing never:
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

—Keats.

* * *

SPRING, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant King;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!
Spring! The sweet Spring!

—Nash.

* * *

KISS me, Sweetheart, the Spring is here,
And Love is lord of you and me!
The bluebells beckon each passing bee;
The wildwood laughs to the flowered year;
There is no bird in brake or brere
But to his little mate sings he,
"Kiss me, Sweetheart; the Spring is here,
And Love is lord of you and me."

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

The blue sky laughs out sweet and clear;
  The missel-thrush upon the tree
  Pipes for sheer gladness loud and free;
And I go singing to my dear,
"Kiss me, Sweetheart; the Spring is here,
  And Love is lord of you and me!"

—Payne.

* * *

WE wandered to the pine-forest
  That skirts the ocean foam
The lightest wind was in its nest,
  The tempest in its home;
The whispering waves were half asleep,
  The clouds were gone to play,
And on the bosom of the deep
  The smile of Heaven lay;
It seemed as if the hour were one
Sent from beyond the skies,
Which scattered from above the sun
  A light of Paradise.

—Shelley.

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

I.

WHERE the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch, when owls do cry:
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
  Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
  Under the blossom that hangs on the bough!

II.

Come unto these yellow sands,
  And then take hands:
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd
  The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet Sprites, the burthen bear.
  Hark, hark!
    Bow-wow.
  The watch-dogs bark:
    Bow-wow.
  Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
  Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow!

—Shakespeare.

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

THE violet in the wood, that's sweet to-day,
  Is longer sweet than roses of red June;
Set me sweet violets along my way,
  And bid the red rose flower, but not too soon.
Ah violet, ah rose, why not the two?
Why bloom not all fair flowers the whole year through?
  Why not the two, young violet, ripe rose?
  Why dies one sweetness when another blows?

—Webster.

* * *

THE night is come, but not too soon;
  And sinking silently,
All silently, the little moon
  Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven
  But the cold light of stars;
And the first watch of night is given
  To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love?
  The star of love and dreams?
Oh no! from the blue tent above
  A hero's armor gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise,
  When I behold afar,
Suspended in the evening skies,
  The shield of that red star.

O star of strength! I see thee stand
  And smile upon my pain;
Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,
  And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light
  But the cold light of stars;
I give the first watch of the night
  To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,
  He rises in my breast,
Serene, and resolute, and still,
  And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,
  That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
  Be resolute and calm.

Oh, fear not in a world like this,
  And thou shalt know erelong,
Know how sublime a thing it is
  To suffer and be strong.

—Longfellow.

* * *

NOW the lusty spring is seen;
  Golden yellow, gaudy blue,
  Daintily invite the view:
Everywhere on every green
Roses blushing as they blow,
  And enticing men to pull,
Lilies whiter than the snow,
  Woodbines of sweet honey full:
All love's emblems, and all cry,
"Ladies, if not pluck'd, we die."

Yet the lusty spring hath stay'd;
  Blushing red and purest white
  Daintily to love invite
Every woman, every maid:
Cherries kissing as they grow,
  And inviting men to taste,
Apples even ripe below,
  Winding gently to the waist:
All love's emblems, and all cry,
"Ladies, if not pluck'd, we die."

—Fletcher.

* * *

O AUTUMN, laden with fruit, and stained
With the blood of the grape, pass not, but sit
Beneath my shady roof; there thou may'st rest,
And tune thy jolly voice to my fresh pipe.
And all the daughters of the year shall dance!
Sing now the lusty song of fruits and flowers.

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

"The narrow bud opens her beauties to
The sun, and love runs in her thrilling veins;
Blossoms hang round the brows of Morning, and
Flourish down the bright cheek of modest Eve,
Till clust'ring Summer breaks forth into singing,
And feathered clouds strew flowers round her head.

"The Spirits of the Air live on the smells
Of fruit; and Joy, with pinions light, roves round
The gardens, or sits singing in the trees,"
Thus sang the jolly Autumn as he sat;
Then rose, girded himself, and o'er the bleak
Hills fled from our sight: but left his golden load.

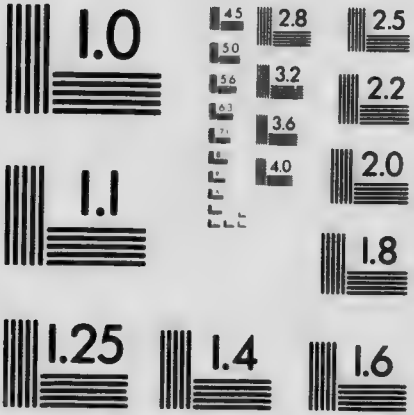
—Blake.

* * *

A SPIRIT haunts the year's last hours
Dwelling amid these yellowing bowers:

MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



APPLIED IMAGE Inc

1653 East Main Street
Rochester, New York 14609 USA
(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone
(716) 288 - 5989 - Fax

To himself he talks;
For at eventide, listening earnestly,
At his work you may hear him sob and sigh
In the walks;
Earthward he boweth the heavy stalks
Of the mouldering flowers:
Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
Over it grave i' the earth so chilly;
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

The air is damp, and hush'd, and close,
As a sick man's room when he taketh repose
An hour before death;
My very heart faints and my whole soul grieves
At the moist rich smell of the rotting leaves,
And the breath
Of the fading edges of box beneath,
And the year's last rose.
Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
Over its grave i' the earth so chilly;
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

—Tennyson.

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

OVER hill, over dale,
  Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
  Thorough flood, thorough fire,
  I do wander everywhere,
  Swifter than the moon's sphere;
  And I serve the fairy queen,
  To dew her orbs upon the green;
  The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
  In their gold coats spots you see;
  Those be rubies, fairy favours,
  In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

—Shakespeare.

❀ ❀ ❀

THE sea! The sea! The open sea!
The blue, the free, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions 'round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love (Oh how I love) to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the south-west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was, and is, to me;
For I was born on the open sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;

And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean-child!

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers, a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend and a power to range,
But never have sought nor sighed for change;
And Death, whenever he come to me,
Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea!

—Procter.

* * *

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, thine this universal frame,
This wondrous fair; Thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable, who sit'st above these heavens
To us invisible or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare

Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine:
Speak ye, who best can tell, ye Sons of Light,
Angels, for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing—ye in Heav'n;
On Earth join all ye Creatures, to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of Stars, last in the train of Night,
If better thou belong not to the Dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou Sun, of this great World both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high moon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.

—Milton.

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

THOU blossom bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heavens' own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue,—blue,—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

—Bryant.

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

FROM the moist meadow to the wither'd hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
And swells, and deepens, to the cherish'd eye.
The hawthorn whitens, and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd,
In full luxuriance, to the sighing gales;
Where the deer rustle through the twining brake,
And the birds sing conceal'd. At once ar- [ray'd
In all the colours of the flushing year,
By Nature's swift and secret-working hand,
The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
With lavish fragrance; while the promised fruit
Lies yet a little embryo, unperceived,
Within its crimson folds. Now from the town
Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps,
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling drops
From the bent bush, as through the verdant [maze
Of sweetbriar hedges I pursue my walk.

—Thomson.